

A
P O E M
O N
His Majesties Return
T O
W H I T E - H A L L.

WHEN from his Nest the Royal Eagle flies,
Forc't thence by threatening Storms and thundring Skies;
The tender Brood, their Guardian tare away,
To Sacrilegious Hands becomes a Prey.
The dire Effects of Violence we see,
That streight tears down the consecrated Tree.

So when a Monarch from his Seat withdraws,
Empire becomes a Prey to griping Claws,
Of Ravenous Kites and Savage Tygers Jaws. }
Then welcom *Cæsar* to thy trembling Realm; }
If Pilots in the Storm forsake the Helm, }
Prevailing Waves the Ship must soon o're-whelm. }
If dangerous Courses in the dark we steer'd,
Let's take new Measures when the Skies are clear'd:
The Fiends that rais'd the Tempest now disperse,
Why should not now our Fortune be reverse?
The guilty *Jona's* to the Billows give,
But let the Royal Boat and Pilot live:
Far be the Rashness from a private Muse,
Wholly to charge or wholly to excuse.
Who can but wish to have the Tempest cease!
And ev'ry Voice must vote for publick Peace.
Let *Achan* fall, the Troubler of the Land;
Let *Dagan* tumble, but let *Cæsar* stand.
When to the Hive a Factious Drone may steal
Of it's rich Sweets, to rob the Publick Weal;
Who only for his lazy Cell purloins,
(Lazy, but active in accurst Designs.)
Th' Offender duly punisht, to the Hive
Safety and Peace may once again arrive:
But if the Royal Bee is once oppress'd,
Inevitable Fate o're-whelms the rest.
The guiddy Swarm will ruin their own Toil,
And Rabble Bees the Publick Treasures spoil.
When *Hurricanes* the *Kaden* Vessel shake,
All Hands shou'd join to save the general Stake:
But if the Pilot from the Harbour be forc't, }
The common Bonds of Safety are divorc't; }
By Winds and Waves the shatter'd Barque is tost. }
One Sailer takes a Plank, and one a Mast,
But gaping *Syrges* swallow All at last.
Then welcom *Cæsar* to thy Royal Seat, }
Let *Britains* Foes and *Britains* Fears retreat; }
But *Britain* once again be safe, and *Cæsar* great. }